



A QUARTERLY LITERARY EXHIBIT

Spring 1922

CONTENTS

A BERTH (<i>Story</i>)	HENRY GOODMAN
ON THE SCREEN (<i>Poem</i>)	ALFRED BRODY
NOCTURNE FROM A WINDOW (<i>Poem</i>)	DAVID LIEBOVITZ
JERRY GREEN (<i>One-Act Play</i>)	ISAAC KLOOMOK
HER DEATH (<i>Story</i>)	

To our subscribers, some of whom have made anxious inquiries, an apology is due. As was announced in our circular, it was our plan to appear early in February. But unavoidable and unlooked for difficulties compelled us to delay publication.

As we go to press we note the appearance of Manuscript, a journal devoted to principles such as those outlined in our announcement. Evidently an instance of spontaneous combustion in two different quarters! We regard this as added proof of the vitality and intrinsic value of our purpose.



CLAY ..

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A Berth

By HENRY GOODMAN

Two reputations settled on the shoulders of Tonio Marino—two reputations as far apart in ultimate judgment of the man as the forecable is from the bridge. And only one incident, in itself of passing significance, yet a wedge of evil as it turned out finally lay at the bottom of this divergence.

The incident occurred about four minutes after the Mary Barker pulled away from the dock in South Brooklyn. The iron shudder of the revolving winch on the poop deck added to the vibrations of the vessel. The wheezy hissing of escaping steam and the trembling roar which seemed to come from the outraged interior of the winch, made a canopy of sound against which the pale, sharp commands of the Second fell with a slight, almost inaudible patter.

Tonio Marino, spare and bronzed, his moustache drooping at ferocious angles across the line of his firmly-held lips, stood beside the winch, his hand on the guage, his eyes watching the Second. The look in Tonio's eyes was unfriendly as it surveyed the big, powerful, loose-jointed figure of the officer. Tonio wisely turned his gaze toward shore, took in the figures of the dock-workers who were casting off the hawser, glanced swiftly and smilingly up the hilly street that led to the gay heart of Brooklyn's shore front, and then settled on the struggling figure of the Kid who, hand on hawser rope, stood near the Second, awaiting orders. Mexico, his short, thick set body alert and poised for work, watched the Second with fawning, obedient eyes.

A shrill whistle-blast sounded from the bridge. "Let go!" shouted the Second and waved a furious hand at the men on the dock. "God damn you, cast off! Let go there!"

The dock workers obeyed; there was a splash as the heavy black hemp cable took the water.

Instantly the Kid closed his hands vigorously on the hawser.

CLAY is a departure in this country but not uncommon in Europe: a literary exhibit uncensored, unharmonized, unsanctified by editorial guidance, a magazine that is merely the periodic organ and outlet of the group of writers who issue it. Instead of giving the public what someone thinks it wants, as our popular magazines do, or what someone thinks the public ought to want, as is the way of our more exclusive journals, the contributing authors of CLAY aim at just publishing their work periodically, submitting themselves to the public without any intermediary.

THEY realize that the artist in judging his own work is almost as apt to err as the editor, but they feel that the artist is more entitled to make mistakes; that it is profitable both for himself and indirectly for his public that he make his own mistakes. Each of the contributing authors of CLAY is responsible solely for his own work and is privileged to print within its pages whatever he deems worthy of himself, regardless of the opinion of his co-authors. In this way they are trying to come to that direct contact between public and artist which was a well-spring of creative inspiration in other times.

THEY believe this to be an experiment worth trying. If you agree with them, sign the subscription below and forward it, with one dollar, to

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and began drawing in the line. The winch, turning noisily, began its work and the Kid's hand was wedged fast between the hawser and bit.

The Second, enraged, bawled: "Get the hell away from there, you nut!"

Mexico laughed, his eyes rolling in a greasy filament, his wet lips baring the gums.

Tonio at the winch looked on resentfully. This was not his first trip under the Second. He knew and disliked the bully in the officer.

The Kid, discomfited and in pain, nursed his hand, picking from the palm the prickly splinters of the hawser. Suddenly he heard a command: "Nut, get down into the hawser locker and coil that line."

He saw that he was meant. Instantly he slipped off his coat, for, though the sun was setting and a breeze beat across the poop, he knew that the hawser locker, neighbor to the steering gears and the motors, would be hot. And then he lowered himself into the dark chamber.

Mexico commenced to play in the line. The Kid began coiling it down, slowly at first and with care, for it must not be permitted to slip in among the steering apparatus. In a moment, sweat coursing down his face, formed runnels down his throat, chest and back. The air of the locker, damp and foul, choked him. He paused to take breath, wearied and almost back-broken by his work, neglecting for the moment the swift-descending hawser. Before he knew it the heavy, wet coils, obstinate and stiff, caught and tripped him. He was struck down and felled across the coils of the hawser. And Mexico, his eyes intent on the watchful gaze of the Second, kept passing the heavy line.

It was at this point Tonio interfered. From his place by the winch he could peer into the hawser locker. He yelled suddenly:

"Stop, Mexico. The Kid's down."

The Second was at the mouth of the locker in a leap. He shouted down as he stooped and seized the sprawling figure of the Kid:

"Hey, you damned fool. What the hell do you call this? You God damned idiot! Get up there. Coil that rope like a sailor." Mexico was about to laugh. Tonio left the winch and stood

above the Second. His hand was on his knife in a rigid, determined clasp. "Why don't you go down there yourself?" he said to the Second. "Can't you use your head? Why didn't you send an A. B. down instead of that Ordinary?"

The Second arose and began blurting an oath: "Who the hell's asking. . . ." then caught himself and drew calmly away from Tonio's knife-hand. "Come up out o' there," he yelled to the Kid, then turned on Tonio: "Get down there yourself and coil those lines." The Second stood on the poop. He watched Tonio lower himself into the hawser locker. Then he turned away and made for midships.

II.

The twelve years of his life on ships had essentialized the Second—Knut Swensen—into the bully that was at the bottom of his being. The sea had washed from his being all the amenities, the amiabilities that had once softened and smoothed him. Now he was himself—brutality that masqueraded as forcefulness; intolerance that seemed decisiveness.

He had been displeased with Tonio Marino, with the enigmatic looks he invited when he came within the ken of Tonio. And now as he sat in his cabin, with Tonio's words fresh in his mind, the anger he cherished toward the sailor began flowing into a channel of definite action. He warned the Chief Officer that Tonio was a man to be watched.

The pilot had been dropped. Sandy Hook was far behind. When two bells struck the seamen knocked off work and made ready for mess. Most of the men went forward to the forecabin to wash up. Tonio was soaked to the skin with perspiration that made his bronze face gleam. He remained on the poop-deck to cool himself. He rested on the rail and looked back. The log-line was spinning its endless rotations far astern and Tonio glanced at the face of the dial.

When he went into the mess-room, its steel walls shivering to the vibrations of the rumbling propeller shaft, he was met with cheerful acclaim.

"Here's the boy, now," said Tom, whose big frame rose beside the table and whose long, powerful hand beat Tonio's shoulders in friendly approval.

"You make da Second to behave," Vincente told him in smiling

pleasure, and Roman who had conceived a liking for the quiet, retiring seaman from the moment he had first seen him, arose and patted Tonio on the back.

"That's the way—Tonio! Make those officers know we're human beings, not rats."

The Kid said nothing. But he made room for Tonio beside himself, giving him a seat directly beneath the open porthole through which a delightful breeze was pouring in. He filled Tonio's galvanized cup at the ice-cooler and let Tonio help himself from the steaming tin pans and containers before he took his own food.

Tonio was a man of little speech. But his silence, speaking out of grey-blue eyes set deep above ruddy, smooth cheeks, had a way of winning respect for his unexpressed wishes. When on Sundays, after he had stood his watch at the wheel, Tonio would enter the fore-castle and make for his bunk, the others would hush their speech or grow completely quiet. Tonio was going to sleep. When he began to draw off his velvet dungarees and when finally he crawled under his blanket, all the men would leave the fore-castle and walk into the companionway that opened on No. 1 hold.

To look at Tonio was to see a brown, tall, rough-handed, meek-faced man. The eyes were of shadowy depth and his voice, heard rarely in free discourse, was plaintive and mellow. The character of the man, meek and unassuming and outwardly acceptant, made itself evident in the first, casual meeting. It was strange that the fore-castle should have held him so guardedly or even that it should have taken to him at all.

Perhaps the reason for this was clear in the intimation of his bearing. Tonio in the fore-castle or on deck was an inherent part of the ship. This was apparent in the steady directness, in the quiet self-assurance with which he could turn to whatever work was on hand.

It was a feeling of which Tonio was unconscious. But to any one who observed, it was plain that this quiet man was of the sea and of ships. There was not a task he could not handle or direct.

Tonio had known the sea for fully twenty years. Yet he would stand by the hour, elbows on the rail and watch the heaving hills of water as they rose and rushed along the flank of the ship, his eyes quick to discern the many color-changes of the water. He knew the coasts by the color of the sea miles from sight of the shore.

When his duties on deck were over, Tonio would make his way to the fore-castle, dig out his tobacco pouch from under his damp mattress, cram his pipe, grunt a greeting to those who happened to be in the fore-castle and then go from the fore-castle to the poop-deck and there he would make himself comfortable. If the lines were coiled on deck he would adjust himself within the nest of hawser-ropes, his pipe hanging loose, his head resting on the bunched line, his legs thrown out. Otherwise he would stretch out on the steel deck.

He liked the constant whirring of the log and his eyes found a strange fascination in the turning of the log-wheel. The sound of the wake, hissing out beyond the propeller blades filled his ears. Exultation and a sense of satisfaction pervaded his being as the vibration of the vessel quivered his every limb.

His had been twenty years of sailing the seas in every sort of vessel. Always there had been changes and modifications in the ships, changes and modifications in the ports and on shore. But the sea, for all its myriad changes was the same—always and ever—as was the sky with its clouds and its lights.

The sea was life to him and the blood in his heart. He could not recall when he had not been at sea, when he had not heard its thumping, good-natured slaps on the wall of the fore-castle, when he had not seen the flying, hissing spume lifted from the tops of the bounding crests. Why was it that younger men had left him behind, had mounted to commanding position on the bridges of the very vessels in which he had been their mate? That was altogether because he had found complete rest and contentment in the service he was called on to perform. He had been an humble comrade to the restless, immeasurable sea.

III.

The Mary Barker was lying at rest in her first port of call. She would be a day or two unloading part of her cargo. The crackle and rattle of the booms stirred feebly in the swaying, humid air. The heat of the sun, floating in a blue haze above the open hatchways and over the decks of the ship, was a vital, enveloping fluid that penetrated and spread the pores of the men on deck and below.

In the hatchways the black stovedores were loafing between

takes, their sweaty bodies gleaming like bronze mirrors. A joking, swearing foreman supplied them bottles of cold Tropicale which they opened by knocking off the heads against the steel bulwarks of the ship. But not even the endless gulping of beer and water could keep the stevedores from swearing at the heat: "Carajo! Es mucho calore."

Breakfast over, the crew of the Mary Barker was up on the poop underneath the canvas that had been spread when the ship entered warm waters. Out in the channel, the waters drowsing blue, the triangular fins of sharks streaked back and forth in wide, swift circles. Now and then a shark's head—the teeth showing in a leering smile,—shot up close by the stem to disappear instantly as the shark sped furiously onward beside the flank of the motionless vessel. Mexico and Tom were amusing themselves by tossing overboard chunks of beef they had taken from the mess-table. The Kid standing close to Tonio was laughing at the antics of the sharks which dived with terrific speed in successful pursuit of the beef. The mess-boy, his black smooth skin shedding beads of sweat as if they were drops of oil on hard rubber, came up to the rail to throw over the soggy bread which none of the crew had tasted.

The Bos'n broke into the genial atmosphere of indolence with a few sharp words of command. He ordered Mexico and the Kid forward to the fore-castle-head, directing them to take a stage and paint-pots and brushes. In a few words he dispersed the men, assigning to them their various duties.

A few of the A. B.'s looked at the Kid in wonder. Painting over the ship's side was not the work of an Ordinary. The danger and skill involved in the handling of the unmanageable lines, the difficulty of the swinging climb down, were all beyond the Kid.

Tonio Marino answered the appeal in the Kid's startled eyes. He remonstrated with the Bos'n. The latter said: "Go tell it to the Chief Officer."

Tonio realized that the Second had won over the First Mate to his wishes. Later, while at work in the Bos'n's locker where he was splicing cables, Tonio sought to learn from the Bos'n why the Kid had been set to painting over the side. But the Bos'n laughed the question away. "Orders from the Bridge."

Mexico brought the news, his oily eyes swimming in laughter

and the smooth voice lingering over the details. "Bos'n," he said, "Guess I need a new metete for that penning. Keed, he wet, fall in water, scare all hell."

Tonio leaped up, ready to strike Mexico. He restrained himself then told the Bos'n he was going to the lavatory. The Bos'n knew he was going to the fore-castle, to the Kid, but said nothing.

The Kid was trembling white in the dusk of the fore-castle. The rays of the solitary, caged bulb gave his face a cadaverous tinge. His mouth, the lips purple from fright, was black as he poured out his wrath in violent curses. His unsteady fingers could hardly unbutton his dripping shirt and dungarees.

His eyes welcomed Tonio's entrance. Tonio went to the Kid's chest and took from it a change of dress. He listened to the Kid's story. It was a drop of fourteen feet into the water. He had thought he had seen the flash of a shark and heard the swift rushing of its body. He had almost lost consciousness in the water. In frenzy he had hurled himself toward the timbers of the dock. He seized a cross-piece and pulled himself up to see a black, terrifying body swim by underneath him.

Tonio calmed him. Very likely the Second had hoped for just such an occurrence. He had seen to it that the Bos'n should detail the inexperienced, nervous Ordinary to work that was most exacting and risky.

"Next time," Tonio told the Kid, "tell Bos'n you can't do that work. You're no A. B."

"Next time," the Kid sputtered, "there'll be no next time. I'll get that big stiff, that Second."

Tonio was awakened by the flash of a pocket-lamp. In the drowsiness of his tired sleep he thought he saw the Kid, dim and shadowy, in the darkened fore-castle.

He thought he heard stealthy steps in the fore-castle runway. At once he was aroused and slipped from his bunk. He stood beside that of the Kid, thrust in his head for the breathing of the boy. But he did not hear it. His searching hand found the bunk empty. He slipped into his dungarees and in bare feet followed after the steps of the Kid.

Silence lay hushed in moon-splotches on the white structure of the bridge and the hurricane deck. Against this sharp whiteness

the black skeleton arms of the booms and the vertical chains suspended in the air were alive in the deep silence.

He saw a figure—the Kid—going up the companion-way below the galley. He wanted to call out but feared to alarm the watchman and the officer on watch. He hastened his steps. He was in the companion-way leading to the hurricane deck. Ahead of him sounded the stealthy, purposeful steps of the Kid. In a moment he would be too late. He leaped up the stairs in time to throw himself upon the boy. His hand closed firmly upon the boy's wrist. He tugged the knife out of the weakening grasp. He warned the boy to silence and drew him away from the door of the stateroom.

"What are you doing!" he demanded, holding firmly while the Kid struggled.

"I want to get that sun of a He'll set me painting from the side again!"

"You'll leave this ship," Tonio argued. "Leave her when she gets back. Come, do as I say. You see I'm your friend."

They turned toward the companionway. A light broke upon them, revealing the two to the eyes of the officer on watch. They fled and separated on the main deck to work their way back to the forecabin.

IV.

The mess-boy who turned the crew out for coffee, had a message for Tonio.

"Get up there, Tonio. They want you on the Bridge." He tugged at Tonio's cramped form over the guardrail of the bunk. His persistence overcame Tonio's dull sleep. After he had urged the Kid to clamber back into his bunk he had stretched out in his own, wondering what would result from their having been seen on the Bridge.

Tonio dressed quickly. In answer to questions put by his mates he grunted and mumbled words they could not make out. But the Kid with a knowledge informed by fear, was already telling the story of his attempt to go for the Second.

There were no steredores on deck when Tonio walked out from the forecabin. There was none on the dock. The hatches were closed and the tarpaulins were ready for spreading. The cats that had taken on the cargo from the Mary Barker were no longer there. A silence lay upon the waterfront and upon the wooded hills that

brooded over the bay. The vessel was about to put to sea. What was the meaning of the call to the bridge? As he mounted the companion-way leading to the bridge Tonio looked out upon the shore with sudden apprehension.

He was confronted by the Chief Officer.

"Come this way, Marino."

Tonio observed the revolver showing in the holster. When he entered the stateroom of the Chief Officer he found the Second and the Third there. They were both armed. He knew he was in the presence of his judges.

"You were up here on the bridge last night, were you not?"

asked the Chief Officer.

Tonio nodded his head, then remembered to say: "Yes, sir."

"You got the Kid to come up here with you to make some trouble?"

He had done nothing of the kind. But why say so? It would not help him and would harm the Kid if he corrected this statement.

"You know we could take you back in irons or hand you over to the consul. But we have decided to pay you off. That's because you gave us no trouble before. Take your stuff. Here's your pay. Now get!"

His mind, never quick in dealings with his superiors, refused to support his outraged feelings. For twenty years he had heard commands and obeyed them, commands given by scores of men. He had obeyed officers when he knew them to be drunk and even when he knew them to be wrong.

What could he say? And yet he did wish to appeal to the sense of fairness which he thought alive in the Chief Officer. He did want to tell him that in the score of years of his life at sea he had been faithful, he had been obedient. He was filled with protest and anger at the injustice that was being dealt out to him, and with a confused stumbling about in his own mind for a way out.

"Get your stuff, will you? We can't be waiting for you."

Back in the forecabin packing his luggage.

"It's not fair! No, by God, it's rotten—a rotten deal, when a man like Tonio can be thrown off a ship like a rat into the water."

That's what Tom said and Vincente, grumbling in enraged Spanish. Juan clenched his fist and looked to the bridge. Hodgins cursed under his breath. Tonio packed.

The Kid was for going with Tonio. He was afraid of the Second. He wanted to be with Tonio. But it would be worse for the two to be on the beach since it would be harder for the two to find berths on some other ship. "Don't worry for me, Kid. I'll find a ship and see you up in the States."

And so Tonio stood on the string-piece and saw the Mary Barker pull out. There was the Second on the poop, hawling out the Kid; there was the First on the Bridge, whistle to mouth, rending the air with thin, piercing blasts.

And when Tonio had trudged four miles to the consular post he found he had been reported to the official as a dangerous character.

V.

When the Lake Galton tied up at the dock which had last berthed the Mary Barker—three weeks had passed. They were three weeks of gradual deterioration for Tonio. His money had almost given out. His idling on shore (in his impatience to get to sea again he could not make up his mind to seek work on land) had begun to make inroads upon his self-assurance. A sailor at sea is part of a smooth-working organism. The ship-shape quality which attaches to the well-ordered vessel embraces like an atmosphere all who are associated with it. The seaman is in his place as the engines are in place. There is a compact unity in which vessels and men are mated.

The sailor ashore is a misfit. The shore and its interests are too many and too much interwoven—they are a complex of diverse unities.

Tonio, with his personal tradition of a score of years at sea—two decades in which his habits, his thoughts, his very instincts had shaped themselves to the ship-life, knew himself out of place on shore. To be back on ship-board—to sense again the fine trembling of the deck in response to the industrious throbbing of the engines—to know again the constant, instinctive balancing of the body as the vessel thrust through the beating crests.

Tonio found himself overcome with sudden trepidations and hesitations. If he could not find a berth soon, he told himself, he would get work on a plantation. But the mere thought brought uneasy pictures of himself as a farm worker. He was driven down to the dock by the push of his own thoughts. He had formed no

companionship inland to beguile his days and on the dock, smoking his pipe, he was at least in the presence of the sea.

Sight of the Lake Galton hurried the blood in his veins. His eyes fell with caressing concern upon her gallant lines. At once the certainty of his old self returned. He would obtain a berth on her; he would be once more within the familiar currents of life; his feet would respond again to the iron resilience of decks.

He stood, cap in hand, before the Chief Officer. In a few words he stated his purpose.

The officer looked him up and down. Then, as if recalling something, walked to his desk and glanced at a paper.

"Say, your name is Marino, isn't it?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, Marino—I've no berth for you. We spoke the Mary Barker and they told us about you."

Tonio began to plead. They had made a mistake.

There was no alternative. But the attraction of the Lake Galton was too potent to permit him to go far. He found a place on the dock. He sat there and watched the vessel. He saw members of the crew troop out of the mess-room and up on the poop-deck. He heard their laughter and shouts as hanging over the rail they watched the sharks.

A few of the seamen came down on the dock with scraping irons. They began scraping the rust on the ship's side. When they knew they were not observed by any of the officers, they stopped work to chat and smoke. They looked at Tonio.

One of them, a young man, approached Tonio.

"Out o'luck, eh?" he said sympathetically, and his eyes asked for Tonio's story. But Tonio was silent. In himself he was pained that a novice should show sympathy for him. He was panic-stricken that he, with his years of service, should have such a story to tell.

"Have a smoke?" the stranger offered his cigarettes. But Tonio held up his pipe in explanation of his refusal. The younger man's offer smacked of charity. He turned away and found a place further up on the dock.

That night Tonio, evaded the Lake Galton's watchman and stealing on board, climbed into a ventilator above the forecastle. He would take no chances of the Lake Galton pulling out the

next day without him. If he were discovered at sea the worst that could happen to him would be a beating and the messiest work on shipboard.

The Chief Officer of the Lake Calton had warned the watchman. When, the next morning, he noted Tonio's absence from the dock, he concluded that Tonio was on board his vessel. He had known other wretches, beached as was Tonio. At once a systematic search was ordered. The coal bunkers, the lamp and hawser-lookers gave no hint of the stowaway.

There was a restrained clanging of the ventilator and Tonio's eyes looked into a pair—unfriendly and triumphant. A shout and Tonio began struggling out. He was surrounded by seamen and firemen. On shore they had pitied him; had looked with friendliness upon him. On ship their eyes were of dogs come finally upon their quarry.

The Chief Officer walked into the ring.

"Hey, didn't I tell you to keep off this ship?" He lunged heavily forward and struck Tonio full in the face. Tonio's body struck the deck and the officer kicked him in the ribs. He ordered a few of the men to throw him over on the dock.

Tonio was bruised and bleeding. His legs could hardly hold him up as he shuffled away.

A woman of the town on the hill took him into her shack. She washed his face and the bruises on his hands and head. While he slept she took the few remaining dollars out of his pocket. She let him stay in her home a few days until he was ready to go out. He did not look back when he started down toward the dock.

Tonio struck up a friendship with a half-wit fisherman. Every morning, hours before dawn, they would go down stream in the throbbing motor-boat. Tonio helped cast the nets and helped draw them in. But he could not reconcile himself to this work. It was not his work. It was not his life. Sometimes, in the midst of hauling in the nets, he would pause, bewildered, puzzled.

One morning, when he looked out on the waters of the bay, he saw the Mary Barker coming in. He knew her lines at a glance. A sense of relief flowed in his veins—a feeling that his trials were over. He had learned his lesson. He would make that clear to the Second. He had never meant to be impertinent; he did not think

himself the equal of the Officers. They would find him absolutely obedient. Surely they would forgive him.

He could not get back to the dock soon enough. He was one of those on dock who seized a hawser thrown from the Mary Barker, and made it fast to the bit. "Let me show you—let me prove to you that I am all right now."

When the gang-plank was thrown over he was there, beside it. Should he go up? Should he wait?

He could not wait. He ran up and did not stop to greet Tom and the Kid who had seen him and had come toward the gang-plank. He waited before the stateroom of the Chief Officer. Finally the officer came down from the Bridge.

"What do you want here, Marino?"

"Yes, sir. Please, sir, want a come back. I can't find anything ashore, sir. Please, I know I was all wrong, sir. No longer foolish. I know my place. I'll behave right, sir. Honest, Mr. Mate. Please give me a chance."

"Sorry, Marino. I've a full crew. We took on an A. B. at Santiago. I guess you won't be a fool any longer. That's right, Marino. You fellows in the fore-castle forget who you are. You'll find a ship I suppose. Come on, Marino, I've no time for you." Tonio looked at him without understanding at first. Then he began pleading again.

"Go on, go on now, Marino. Get off or I'll help you off."

Tonio stole off.

The Kid yelled to him, but Tonio did not answer. He shook his head without knowing he did so. He sat down on the dock. His eyes closed on the Mary Barker. His heart seized on her, bow and bridge, lines and gang-plank.

Mexico flashed his light on him and warned him against trying to stow away. "They know you're going to try to come on. They'll put me in irons if they find you on board."

The Mary Barker was on her return trip, up from Santiago and now back to the States. There was a cargo of sugar for her and then she'd be off.

Tonio watched the loading. The sharp rumble of the winches and the swinging of the booms. The Kid and Tom sought him out. Hodgins and Vincente gave him tobacco. Juan brought him food. They could not understand his set look—his attentive staring at the

Mary Barker. They urged him to be patient. Why not go inland for a while?

It was in the late afternoon that the Mary Barker cast off.

Tonio stood on the string-piece and saw her pull out. He did not see aright, he thought. Then he saw the Second on the poop and on the Bridge the Chief Officer was standing, whistle to mouth.

He had not made it clear to them—no, good God, they did not understand. He would make them hear, make them understand.

"Please, sir. Please," he shouted above the piercing blasts of the whistle. "Take me back, sir, please. I know my place, sir."

The vessel was pulling away, slowly, the churning of her propeller just leaving a wake.

Tonio's hands were stretched out when he stepped off the string-piece. He seemed to step out in the water. He plunged forward a short distance. Instantaneously a black shadow like a monstrous reflection of himself darted up to meet him. They met and sank suddenly together.

On the Screen

By ALGER BRODY

"Yes," he heard himself agreeing,

"She's pretty,

There's a wild elf captured in those Irish eyes of her's,

A strayed thing out of fairyland

Plotting always to escape—

That's fine capital on the screen—

And she knows all about it!"

And as he reclined back meditatively in his seat

Searching her face for something that evaded him,

There brightened vaguely on the background of his brain

As on the vibrant screen

A pair of gray eyes nestling in a warm red glow—

A pair of gray eyes querulously wide . . . an arch of golden-red hair

shimmering under a dim light;

And suddenly the whole scene flooded his brain:

The dim parlor lighted only by a shaded table-lamp . . . the open

book on the table;

A glimpse of piled dishes in the kitchen-sink—through a portiered

doorway,

A glimpse of brass bed-posts—through another,

Her little apartment on the Square—

That time . . .

He stiffened in his seat,

His eyes congealed into a dull stare.

God She!

It seemed so long ago

So far from him to-night—

Yet it was really true:

The dim parlor—the bland faces of the drawn blinds;

The big armchair by the window in which they sat—

In which he sat—while she lay luxuriantly in his hesitant arms

Her face upturned, her warm hair fragrant under his nose—
A golden bird that had alighted in his arms
To fly away

Before he could understand and hold her.
He remembered:

She had turned her face abruptly towards him
Weighing him with curious quizzical eyes;
"You know Jacob,
I'm afraid of you!
You'll make me fall in love with you someday. . . .

Real!"

"Why afraid?" he ventured out boldly
Although he feared an answer.

But she repeated
Like a scared child staring intently into the dark—
"I'm afraid!"

And now

As he watched the familiar eyes . . . on the screen
Going through . . . with another—

Not quite the same he told himself
Though uncomfortably reminiscent—
It seemed to him he had been afraid too—

Something in him was afraid of this strange creature in his arms;
This golden-plumed quarry that yielded so easily to her pursuers
(He knew

She was at home in many arms)—

Yet somehow
Kept herself always intangible
Beyond reach of lust or love.

And so they lay there
And talked

Love, Death, Immortality, Art;
And kissed each other tentatively
Eyeing each other all the time

From an uneasy corner of their minds
Like alien beings who had met

On the opposite brink of an impassable chasm.

He could see it all in his mind now
Standing out with pathetic obviousness:

He, the fervent Jew sending his soul up in his words
Like a fountain falling back upon itself forever
In sparkling ineffectual spray;

She, the Irish fay playing prettily her part—
As now—

In the romantic serial:
Make Believe We Are Alive;
Episode; the Young Painter—
"You don't play enough Jacob," she had exclaimed petulantly once,
"That's the matter with you!"

It was all a movie scene to her
And she was afraid he'd spoil it for her
By reaching for her soul.

And yet—
He stopped short at the thought confusedly:
There was the other part of the episode—

That morning.

She had left the bath-room door open while she bathed
So he could talk to her from the parlor—so she said;

He sat at the far end of the parlor
Tying with the thought that warmed within his blood—
A vision of her in the bath-tub:

Her dishevelled hair licking her naked shoulders
Like tongues of leashed red flames,

Those vague small breasts he had often felt against his arms
When they enclosed her,
The slim flexed legs as she rose, dripping—burgeoning into the shy
convergence of her thighs,

The rounded nether breasts of her rumps—

"I think I'll come in and take a look at you," he mused aloud,
"You'd make a fine Magdalene of the Bath-tub!"

"All right," she laughed back from the bathroom,
"Red hair and bones is all you'll see!"

But he remained sitting in his chair,
Parried by her baffling laughter

And jested at a distance.
When she came out

She put herself into his arms
Drawing him around her like the folds of some loose robe

And looking up at him—into his bewildered face:

"You know you're a funny boy, Jacob!"

The memory of her voice flitted teasingly through his tears,

That queer ascendant voice of hers

Rising always to a wondering crest.

He reached for it in his mind

Trying to recapture it with yearning,

Like a child gazing at a blown pipe-bubble

Floating iridescently away. . . .

Perhaps,

If he could have caught that thing which was her soul,

That alluring, elusive thing which changed itself in his arms

Fay or courtesan or child at will—

If he could have grasped it with impetuous love

And bridled it,

He might have ridden on its wings to Fairyland—

Of Purgatory—

Who knows!

It would have been a glorious adventure;

It would have been . . . different. . . .

"Wasn't she sweet!" a voice broke in on him delightedly.

He came to himself startled that the screen was blank—

"Yes," he replied dazedly as he helped her with the coat,

"She was sweet!"

Nocturne From a Window.

By ALTER BRODY

Blue

Such as is never seen

Except in the depths of an opal's eye;

A sky of blue,

Soft as the warm tint of a woman's breasts,

Tender as an eye in reverie,

Roofs the bound blocks of tenements—frames the brown bulk of

the hill,

Stands behind the twigged cobweb of the awakening trees—

A formless presence

Thoughtful with stars,

Fearlessly beautiful

Baring its loveliness with a full moan.

I will go mad with it some day;

And surrender to the beauty that besieges me—

Pouring its splendor, night and day,

Through the breaches of my eyes!

There is no refuge for me from its face.

There is no respite for me from its voice:

Wherever I go it follows like a spell

Shining on fields and fire-escapes,

Illumining dung with loveliness.

An insatiable courtesan

In the streets, in the fields, in water and sky,

It stands before me always—

Sucking passion from my soul,

Wearing my brain for amorous words;—

With breasts of naked skies, with hair of dishevelled branches

She bruises my eyes until they burn with lust;

With limbs of recumbent hills, with arms of shining rivers

She lures me to her side among the fields.

With the tenderness of moonlight she tempts me in the streets;

With the vibrant vigor of sunlight she goads my flagging blood

Rousing my spent passion till it must have vent again—

Beauty, the eternal courtesan of life

Waylaying me forever on the road;

Tantalizing me with desires she cannot satisfy,

Giving me no rest from her embraces;

Israel! I fall back from her perfect pitiless breasts—

Dry and impotent,

Into the arms of death.

Jerry Green*

By DAVID LIEBOVITZ

The action of the play passes in McNally's "Golden Rod" saloon, a typical country roadhouse situated in a bleak part of the Catskills. There is a long bar, right, with a stove a few feet before it; beside the stove there are two chairs, and beyond, against the wall, a settee. There is a door, centre, leading out, and two high windows to the left, giving on the snowing country. There is a second door, left, leading into the living-room. McNally, the owner of the saloon, Pete Higgins and Walter Boone are discovered, smoking and lounging near the stove. An old man, huddled up in rags and cloaks, is seated on the settee. The door is opened, and Billy comes in, hearty and heavy against the meagre build of Pete Higgins and Walter Boone, and falling in more with the physical character of McNally. Billy is enclosed in a great brown ulster, but half frozen, bangs the door shut and hurries to the bar.

The new-fallen snow can dimly be seen through the windows, piled up in the road and clinging to the bare branches of trees. A great gust sweeps down from the mountain, and like a fury drives the snow and ice against the windows, making them rattle to a tattoo.

BILLY: It never were so cold. I'm all froze up. (*He stalks to the bar.*) Over with a drink, Mac.

MCNALLY: Here it is. That'll put life inter ye.

Billy pats him, then drinks.

PETE (*huddled up*): Let you jig fer us, Billy; that'll keep yer toes warm.

MCNALLY: No jiggin' 'ere, Sunday, mind ye, Billy; th' church'll be after us.

PETE: We don't mind th' church. Jerry says jiggin's alright, so start up, Billy. I'll call Sary Green to fiddle a tune. (*At door, left*) Sary Green, bring yer fiddle in here; we're goin' to livin' up th' day.

*Dramatic rights reserved by author.

BILLY (*Peckoning Pete*): Pete! don't call Jerry's gurl to play now.

PETE: Sure I will. She'll have a chance to earn a few cents an' she needs it bad cuz Jerry don't earn nothin'. Here's my nickel. You Billy?

BILLY: No. . . . not now.

PETE: Why?

BILLY: Don't ye know? S-s-s-sh! Send 'er back.

Sarah Green enters, left, her violin in hand. Her features are finely cut, and her eyes, soft and melancholy, are set in a pale dream-lingering forehead. Her figure is tall, her arms thin, and she moves slowly with instinctive grace.

PETE: I didn't mean t' call ye; we don't need ye t'day, Sary. (*Answering her questioning eyes*) Mac don't want it, bein' it's Sunday.

She lingers, then goes in softly as she came.

PETE (*whispering to Billy*): Why?

BILLY (*whispering*): Jerry Green. . . . Didn't ye hear, boys? (*The others, save the Old Man, gather about him.*) Jerry Green—he done it at last—he's committed suerside!

ALL: Suerside!

OLD MAN (*springing up*): He's done it—he's done it at last! The Lamb has gone to th' Lawd!

PETE (*awed*): Gawd!

Walter, cynical and bored, remains beyond, puffing at his pipe.

WALTER: Let Sarah work for him while he bummed. Called hisself a preacher? Serves him right.

Billy beckons Pete to shut the door, left. Pete shuts it, and returns on tip-toe.

BILLY: It happened this mornin', boys, but I'll tell ye from the beginnin' cuz it b'gun las' night. (*Pauses*) We wuz all over Elmer's store las' night—Henry Meistersinger wuz there an' Joe Henderson—when somehow we got talkin' about Jerry. Henry Meistersinger wuz tellin' us what a bright kid Jerry used t' be—good, too—he worked then; real bright till he turned hisself into a whiskey sponge an' b'gin preachin' about Gawd. While Henry wuz spielin about them days an' th' change come over Jerry, who should drop in but Jerry hisself. . . . sober, but this time lookin' like a real dead 'un.

PETE: He hez bin goin' fast.

BILLY: "Hello, Billy," Green sez—he speaks t' me fust, I alwus bein' friendly. "Hello, Billy," an' leans up agin' th' candy case. "What's the matter, Jerry?" I sez. But he don't say nuthin'—only pushes his black derby back on his head. "Th' time hez come, Billy," he sez at last; "when it turns light tomorrow, I won't be alive no more." We boys jes' grinned, havin' heard that from him afore, but we didn't laff, Jerry bein' so sick, his face all soft an' blue like somebody spit on it; his eyes all smashed in. "How ye goin' to do it?" Johnny sez, kiddin' him, "with a pistol?" "No, I aint," Green sez; "I'm goin' up th' mountain top an' freeze." "Like Moses?" Johnny asks. But hearin' Sary outside, Jerry turns tail an' runs out inter th' snow, an' we aint seed him no more. But this mornin'—it wuz hardly light yet—Lem Sweet, Paul Smith an' Rob Henniger seed him go up th' mountain, makin' th' trail by Devil's Chasm.

Pause.

McNALLY: Poor Jerry!

PETE: It was jest last week I seen him bring in all Mad Mike's logs when Mike cut his leg, choppin'. Some uv us didn't know Jerry Green an' all the good was in 'im.

BILLY: No. (*Looking out.*) There's Joe Henderson comin' up. Maybe he'll give us more news.

The front door is slowly pushed open, and Joe Henderson shoves himself in, brutally drunk. He is a tough, hard compact little fellow. A heavy brown mustache, a close-cropped, bullet-shaped head. He speaks in a thick hoarse whisper.

JOE: Gimme a whiskey, Mac.

Mac gives it to him briskly.

BILLY (*stepping forward*): Heard the news, Joe?

JOE (*thickly, turning*): What news?

BILLY: About Jerry.

JOE: Jerry? (*He breaks into harsh laughter.*) Jerry Green—our wanderin'—precha!?

PETE: That aint th' way to b'have, Joe—after—

JOE (*sullenly*): After what?

PETE: After he's dead.

JOE: Who's dead?

PETE: Jerry.

24

Joe sinks back and drinks deliberately; then he sets his glass down.

JOE (*forcely*): He aint dead. (*In a low dying snarl.*) He didn't kill hisself at all. (*Clenches his fists and spurs.*) Don't ye b'lieve me? (*He challenges the men severally.*) He didn't go up no peak, not Preecha Green.

PETE: Did he come down?

JOE: Yus. (*Glances at the men; then laughs huskily.*) There's your sneerpipes pullin' up th' crick. (*Reels to door.*) Come in, Jerry; come in, dear, you lyin' slob; tell them you aint stuck frozen up the mountain. Show your purty face, dear! You selfsacrificer! *Jerry Green enters, a tall powerfully-built fellow with a weak imaginative face; eyes intense and strange; his hair, blacker than his eyes, falling in strands over a pale moist forehead. Jerry is dressed in shabby black with neither collar, tie nor overcoat. He stands up bravely before the boys, grinning.*

JERRY (*huskily*): Hello, boys. Yar, it's me. (*Blushing*) I—come—back.

WALTER: There's no fake about that—if you aint your ghost. JOE (*brutally*): What d' you want here?

JERRY: I come to get a drink, Joe.

JOE: I tho't you was goin' up to freeze on th' peak.

JERRY: I wuz, Joe. (*Grinning suddenly.*) But it wuz too damn cold.

Laughter.

JOE (*shrieking*): Did ye hear that? Too cold fer him to freeze! The selfsacrificer! So he come down!

The strains of a violin tune float from within. Sarah is playing a rustic dance. Joe stops as if caught in a magic spell. His hands fall limply to his side, and he stares blankly at the bar.

PETE (*softly*): That's how Sary says he aint dead.

Billy, excited by the music, jigs into the other room, followed by the boys. Joe falls heavily against the bar and remains still as if unconscious. Jerry sinks on a box near the stove, haggard and weary.

McNALLY (*after a pause*): Sary's inside, Jerry. Don't ye want ter see her?

JERRY: No-o. (*Sighing*) I'm too done up. There was a gale that almos' blew me off th' peak an' done me fer good.

25

McNALLY: Wasn't that what you wanted? Eh?

JERRY: Y-ar.

McNALLY: Why did ye come down?

JERRY: I dunno. I'm sick. Gimme a drink, Mac.

McNALLY: Sure. When I see the color of your money.

JERRY: Money? (*Searches thru his pockets.*) Nothin' doin'.

McNALLY: Then you can't have no hooch. I'm tired o' handin' you th' bottle.

JERRY: I preach the gospel free in summer so why can't you hand me a drink. I'm just froze thru, Mac—bones an' all.

McNALLY: Why the devil did ye go up there?

JERRY (*after a pause, struggling with himself*): Because I'm a disappointed man. I feel so low sometimes I want to put a bullet thru my head. I was in such a low-down gloom when I started up th' trail.

McNALLY: Then why did ye come down?

JERRY: I aint goin' to give up yet—fishin' for souls. I could preach forever, I think sometimes, but the golden word wouldn't enter men's hearts.

McNALLY: It never will—so why don't you quit an' be sensible like us, not a freak bum? You once earned good money and could have drunk when you wanted to, but now you want to booze without workin' for it.

JERRY: I do work. I work with my head.

McNALLY: Call that work? Does it make the silver clink in your jeans?

JERRY: No. But— It's the heart that counts before God.

McNALLY: But your heart can't pay for no drinks here.

JERRY: I'm thinkin' of the eternal life, an' you should, too, tryin' to make this world a better home.

McNALLY: You want us to live different, is that it? But what you teach, askin' men to fly like you do free as the birds is nonsense; it is now an' alwus will be, men bein' what they are, doves bein' doves. Your fool dreamin' brought you low enough. You had a streak o' luck, comin' down from Round Top with a whole hide, so let it be a sign to change to better things. You've got a wife an' girl to keef for, haven't ye?

JERRY: Y—ar.

McNALLY: Then why don't you do it? Let other folks alone

—to go to the devil if they want to. You've been a fool till now. If you change, I'll give you a drink and be the first to shake your hand. Here's the drink (*Holds it over bar.*) Will ye promise?

JERRY (*struggling*): I—can't, Mac.

McNALLY: Then down goes the hooch! (*He gulps it.*)

Abhh, that's fine!

JERRY (*rising*): I would change, Mac, but I have hopes—some day—.

McNALLY: Some day?! I live right here—and now. Why don't you be practical an' stop dreamin' bout what can't come?

JERRY: I wouldn't be happy.

McNALLY: Are you happy now?

JERRY: N—o. . . . God calls me to preach, Mac. That's th' beginnin' and end uv it. I can't say no more.

McNALLY: Shucks! There you go agin! I've had enough o' that!

He turns disgustedly aside. It begins to darken slightly. . . .

Sarah enters softly at left door.

JERRY: Is that ye, Sary? (*Eagerly*) Is that ye?

SARAH: Y—es. I've come—for—you.

JERRY (*after a pause*): I've come back to ye, Sary. I come down from the peak.

SARAH: Then go home. This is no place for you—with Sunday goingson. Come. (*He hesitates.*) There's no spark of fire in the kitchen. Ma wants you to chop up her logs. She was real scared, thinkin' you were never comin' back.

JERRY: So she haint angry at me, Sary?

SARAH: No, she isn't—even—.

JERRY: Even if I haint been home much? But I had another call.

SARAH: I know. I understand that now. So come with me, father.

JERRY (*reluctantly*): Allright. (*Lingerin'.*) Gimme one drink, Mac.

McNALLY: When I see the color of your money.

SARAH (*putting a nickel on the counter*): Give him—a—drink.

McNALLY: Here you are.

Jerry drinks.

SARAH (*taking his arm*): Now—let's—go.

JERRY: No, I can't. That livens up the spirit in a man! I come down for good purpose—to talk to these men! Ye go home alone, Sary!

SARAH: Pal You're shiverin' with cold; you'll be catchin' a fever here.

JERRY: You let me be! I promised Him on the Mountain I'd try once more; let the fire go out in th' kitchen b'fore it goes out in men's hearts! That's what I promised Him up there!

SARAH: No, no—pal!

JERRY: Yes, for I have the truth! At last! Come one, come all to hear!

The men enter.

JOE (*aroused*): What trut have you got? (*snarling.*) What the devil d' ye mean?

JERRY: God's truth! I've come to tell you how to live. Down from the mountain I come!

OLD MAN (*singsong*): The Man from the Mountain has come home!

SEVERAL: To tell us—how to live?

JOE: You?!

JERRY: Yes! I! That's why I didn't die!

JOE: Shut up!

PETE: Let him speak!

MCMALLY: He kin jaw his head off. This is Sunday—I give him permission!

The men draw back.

PETE (*coming forward*): Speak about organization—that's what we need—if yer goin' to give a sermon.

JERRY: The Pharisees want organization, not the Brothers uv Jesus. An' this is what I tell you—let your soul live its spiritual life. This is but the flesh and every one of us is a Babylonian whore, lustin' after things. (*Waving his hand.*) Come one, come all to hear!

OLD MAN: The Man from the Mountain has come home.

(He chants:)

"He left his radiant throne on high,
Left the bright realms of bliss,
And came to earth to bleed and die!
Was ever love like this?"

The door centre is opened, and about half a dozen men troop in.

Among them is John, a Squat Man and a Tall Man; John, a concealed young fellow with a long head and mean hatchet face. He stops at sight of Jerry. The others gather about John.

JOHN: Who is that preachin'? I tho't he was dead.

A SQUAT MAN: He went up Saddleback. But he come down.

A TALL MAN: Why?

WALTER: To preach.

He darkens slowly. Jerry's eyes gleam strangely thru the murk; his voice has an otherworldly sound.

JERRY: Now Christ says—. Christ wuz alright, wusn't he, boys? (*The boys make no movements, interested in spite of themselves.*) Well, Jesus Christ—. He was a preacher. That's what he wuz. But you think only work an' hordin' an' makin' enemies—you think that's livin'?

"Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin; yet I say unto you, that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these."

OLD MAN: Amen.

JERRY: That's what the Beloved Son tells us, boys. But what do we do? (*His eyes wander from face to face, seeking, seeking some light.*) But what should we do instead? Just work to get what we need. What we need—not too much nor too little. You, Mac, will that gold chain you're wearin' bring you any nearer heaven? Any quicker? Will it railroad you to salvation? What is the flesh but a rag holdin' somethin' precious in us? So we should spend the best of our time different; readin'; there's lots o' wisdom stored up in books. Playin' music, dancin' jigs. Now I kin tell some stories—. (*A smile flutters from face to face in his audience.*) But 'tain't right for no man to boast about hisself. (*Acutely, pointing a finger.*) 'Taint right neither for no man to kill hisself with work; that's my fust gospel!

WALTER: Now, Jerry, you don't overwork.

JOHN: Not you, Jerry. You keep to your gospel.

Titter.

JERRY: Yes. Cuz I'm no damn fool. (*Grins, and subsides.*) . . . Now, boys, here's my second gospel: love your neigh like ye love y'self; don't squeeze all ye have in yer one hand; give it away like the flower gives the seeds to the field. Then envy an' lust won't grow like weeds in men's hearts.

Old Man: True. True. That's God's way. Amen!

JOHN: I don't believe it.

WALTER: What are your possessions, Jerry? What are you goin' to divide?

JOHN: Tell us, Jerry. Show up your cards.

JERRY: I fling my soul to ye with its thousand spiritual flowers.

WALTER: Oh, no, thank ye for that, Jerry.

JOHN: The shirt he's sportin'—that's what he'll chuck to us.

WALTER: I wouldn't take it. Taint even no rag.

JOHN: It's lousy! So is he!

JERRY: Blasphemers!

JOE (*breaching thru the crowd*): You lie! (*Rolling up his sleeves*.) I alwus wanted to fight your kind, preachin' that we're no good, beggin' us to be freak angels. You'd make women of us, not men; that's what you preach. But I'll give you one hook in th' jaw will shet off your talkin'; it will knock the angels flyin' out uv ye.

McNALLY (*intervening*): Get off, Joe!

JOE: Like hell!—! Let me get Jerry! I'll shet his mouth fer good.

JOE pushes McNally aside, seizes Sarah's violin, and forcefully strikes the unresisting Jerry on the shoulder, smashing the instrument. Jerry totters and sinks back against the bar, his two elbows extended on it; his head falls to his hands. Sarah crouches near the door, left, her white face aguer with the blow that struck her father. McNally has seized Joe and pinned him into a corner.

JERRY (*softly*): So ye don't want my heart, boys?

JOHN: No. Better be quiet.

JERRY raises his head slowly. His eyes are sunk into his soul; his head wags dizzily.

JERRY: Alright. (*Wandering*.) I'll go now.

JOHN: Go on.

JERRY (*pausing before the door*): I'm useless here. This is the last. It is. (*Strangely*.) At last I am called.

JOHN: Where are you called?

JERRY: I don't know. (*Wandering*.) I am coming. Lord!

Old Man: The Lamb will go to the Lawd! (*Singing*)

"When from the dust of death I rise
To claim my mansion in the skies,

Even then, this shall be all my plea,
Jesus hath lived, hath died for me."

Green turns slowly and faces the men with fluttering lights in his eyes.

JERRY: I've lived long enough—too long. I think—an' it was the true call promptin' me to go up the trail, for I shail never go your ways. It aint fit for the Prince's Brother.

Old Man: Amen.

JERRY: Nobody kin see what I see, an' I preach about it. But you all laff. I hear God. You have no ears an' you'd like to butcher mine.

JOHN: Clear out!

JERRY: I'll speak! Tisn't my own voice; it's His that plants the seed in the summer an' in winter lays it bare. "Go among men," that's what He tells me. So I go among you, but you cast stones.

Old Man: They don't respect His Son no more.

JOHN: No, why should we, bein' what you are?

JERRY: You don't know what I am; you're all blind!

Old Man: The Blind denied His Name three times.

A Squat Man: Green, prove what you are!

JOHN: Show us you're not afraid to go up th' trail in this storm if your body's but a rag; go up; then we'll listen to ye.

Old Man: The Prince sinks under the Cross.

JOHN: Then do it.

A Tall Man: But don't ye come down!

SEVERAL: Show us Jerry! I'll take you up a ways!

Jerry clutches at his heart, and raises his head with steady fierce gaze.

Billy (*awed*): He's goin' to show us. . . .

JERRY (*with solemnity*): Gimme a wine glass, Mac.

John, determined to put him to the proof, hands Jerry a glass.

Jerry brings it slowly to his lips. His eyes are still.

JERRY: Look at this wine-glass, boys. It will kill me—if I swally it. (*Lowers glass*.) Now you boys say I cherish life, not in the eternal, but in the temporal here.

WALTER: I said that. You're jest a bum—like any other.

JERRY: An' I resent it, Walter. . . . Don't cry, Sary. My spirit will live in these men when I am gone. I free my soul to let it fly

inter their bodies an' sing there like thrushes: Lord in Man! I am called!

Jerry raises the glass and is about to crush it when Sarah seizes his wrist and grips it . . . replaces glass on bar . . . his hand falls limply.

SARAH: Don't! Father, you give me God's light. I understand—how good you are!

JERRY: At last, Sary, you see? I did want ter do it, but I give Sary light!

For a moment there is dead silence. Then a hubbub rises, at first softly: "I told you he wouldn't do it."

JOE (*shrieking*): What a bluff! It's the same old Jerry!

JOHN: He wouldn't do nothin'.

JERRY: I'm goin' to—I will do it!

SARAH (*clinging to him*): No! Let's go home! Come home with me!

JERRY: Let be, Sary! Let—go! I'll prove what I am!

SARAH: Father!!!

He pushes her aside; then in a flash crushes the glass and crams it into his mouth; he tries to swallow it. For a moment he is appalled and stares with wide stifled eyes, then collapses completely and struggles in his agony. Sarah rushes to his side, crying. The men look dazedly at each other. At last Pete approaches the fallen Jerry and bends over him tenderly.

PETE: Get up, Jerry Green.

Sarah cries softly.

McNALLY: Sarah, call the doctor.

She runs out.

JOHN (*to Pete*): Don't he move? (*Pete shakes his head.*)

Feel his heart. He had a drinker's gizzard anyway.

PETE: It aint workin'.

The men draw back in fear.

JOHN: Then—is he—dead?

PETE: Yar. I guess it's his heart.

JOHN: That bit o' glass couldn't kill anybody so quick.

PETE (*slowly*): I guess it was somethin' else, John, that killed Jerry Green.

JOHN (*dazed*): Damn! We was only jokin'!

Turns to go.

McNALLY (*blocking the door*): Nobody goes yet. You boys lived up the afternoon alright. Now we'll see what happens.

BILLY (*timidly*): But somebody has to tell Mrs. Green—an' call the doctor, Mac.

McNALLY: Sarah want You stay here.

PETE: Then—carry Jerry Green home.

Mac nods. Four of the men grab hold of Jerry. John and the Squat Man sneak out. Jerry is carried in slowly, Pete holding his head up. The Old Man, Billy, Walter and McNally remain in the room. A streak of white light pierces the storm, scattering it.

McNALLY: Poor Jerry—they got him at last. Shameful thing!

BILLY: I didn't know it would turn out like this. (*Bevildered.*)

. . . Funny how it all happened. It don't seem properly to have happened. Jerry said . . . we have to live different. But what did he mean? Now Jerry won't preach no more.

OLD MAN (*exulted*): "Consider the lilies of the field how they grow"—

McNALLY (*bitterly*): Just consider!

OLD MAN: That's what Jerry said—it was his last word. God bless him! He was one of the lilies.

It begins to lighten.

CURTAIN.

Her Death

By ISAAC KLOMOK

Berger has met with misfortune: his wife died suddenly.

For three days she was sick with influenza and then she died. The three days passed in a tumult of rushing for doctors, nurses, prescriptions, medicines—with sympathizing friends and relatives. Berger had not had a moment's rest nor time to think. He was not fully aware of what was taking place. It never entered his mind that she might die . . . so healthy and strong. It was nothing—a trifling indisposition that would soon pass. Even so he must do everything possible. And he did everything impulsively, almost instinctively, as if someone were prompting him: Now do this and now you must do that.

And here she is—dead.

Now he has time to contemplate it all. He had done his duty. There is nothing more that he can do for her. There she is in her coffin, fully prepared for burial. The grave is ready also. Early the next morning she will be taken to the place where she will have no more need of anything. And now that his friends have departed and left him alone he can look about him and at his loss.

He felt no deep pain. This he had noted when the nurse told him his wife was dead. He felt the disappointment of one who has met with failure in a business venture. Really dead? Then all his efforts had been in vain? The grief which touched his soul was nothing more than the commonplace sorrow one feels in the presence of death. This feeling was mixed with something of pity for her. Dead, suddenly and so very young!

This was what he felt. This would have been his feeling if any one had told him of the death of an acquaintance. But where was that sense of poignant grief and personal bereavement which should be his who has suddenly lost a close friend? Where was that terrible pain and bewilderment which he had often seen on the faces of mourners? That would probably come later, he thought and looked forward to its coming. It must surely come.

But it did not come.

What would happen now? What would become of him? What would he do with his freedom?

The devil take it all! How long had he waited for this? How often had he wished himself rid of her?

He had met with a misfortune when he married. He was in for it and would stay in for the rest of his life. He had crept into a bog and would have to stick there all his life, unless—

Here she is dead!

How often he had planned to liberate himself! But always he had come to the conclusion that things would have to remain as they were. There were no children and she was still young and pretty. He would have given her some money, — but it never occurred to her to wish to leave him. He could not prevail upon himself to cast her off. He pitied her. He did not know whether she loved him. But even if she did love him—it would not matter much. She would forget him quickly enough. It might even be that casting her off would be for her neither so painful a misfortune nor one of great duration. But for a time it would be a serious blow to her. She is so sensitive. Her friends would regard her with pity and, at the same time, with self-satisfaction—two feelings she could not bear. Her friends had wronged her against him. They had warned her that he was of evil character and that no good would come of it in the end. She had reproached them with envy of her happiness. And now to turn her adrift!

She had known he did not love her. He had not hidden this from her. But none the less they were man and wife, good mates, and he was faithful to her. At any rate she trusted him. And suddenly—no, he lacked the courage to throw her off. She had given him her life. She had placed in him her hopes and dreams. It would certainly not be the decent thing for him to do. And what would his friends think of him? He had always thought they suspected him of being capable of any baseness. It had seemed to him that on the quiet they were looking to him for just such a scurvy trick—to him the only one among them who had not married according to religious or civil rite. Would they not look upon this as the result of his free-thought? They would accuse him of treachery—he had planned it all before-hand. They would envy him, but at the same time would direct their scorn at him. And she? Who knows, perhaps she too would make the same

charges against him? Would he act in the same way as countless irresponsible young men? Was he a man in whom no mate might trust? Neither his conscience nor self-love would permit this.

But how could he free himself?

Not infrequently, when she left the house on a visit and would delay her return longer than he expected, he would think that an accident had occurred and that she would not return to him. How fine that would be! He would not be held responsible. Yes, that was the best way out. He was disappointed when he heard her returning footsteps.

Now this very thing had happened. He is finally free. And he was in no wise at fault.

It was better than he had hoped for. So soon. Life was opening anew for him. Poor Lily! Did you ever think that your husband would find joy in looking at your corpse? He began to think of the new possibilities before him. Every woman, every girl whom he had met casually had called to him. Every woman, newly met, had enticed him with promise of a new joy. But he knew no such joy waited for him.

Now his heart would stir under the glance of every woman he met. All of life would become rejuvenated. Now he would begin against to search for her—that he had never found but for whom he had never stopped longing.

How strange, he thought, here he was still going about with romantic nonsense! Why did he still long for her—for the one woman? That's the way of it; a man may have known a thousand women. Give him only one day to live and with trembling heart he will make welcome each new woman. Perhaps this is she? Unless, indeed, he has already found her. Has anyone ever found her whom he sought—the only one? Who knows?

You come upon someone and observing him conclude that his life is a happy one. If you know him intimately and uncover his unhappiness you admit that in this instance you were mistaken. But now you find someone else who is truly happy! And if again you find yourself mistaken, you think that surely the third—the fourth—that other man is genuinely happy. You believe that somewhere there must be a happy man, and you believe that somewhere there must be true lovers. Is this all a myth? Why does humanity believe in it so persistently?

Every one said of them that they were a happy couple. Why had they married? Was he blind? Had he been deceived? No, he knew well her virtues and shortcomings. He had known her a long time. And she was not the only girl he had known.

He had had all sorts of experiences with women. He had never loved longer than a day or two. He would be thrown into ecstasy over a girl the first time he met her, but this ecstasy vanished when he met her again. No, he had never been really in love although more than once he had tried to convince some girl of the genuineness of his protestations—and at the same time had sought to convince himself. And when he did succeed in persuading the girl to believe him, he knew in his own heart, that the whole affair was brief and transitory.

He had never met a woman who pleased him by reason of her fine intellect. In the end he gave up the quest. He accepted whatever came his way. He was best pleased with her who stirred his imagination and permitted him to invest her with his colorful fancies. He took from each the little beauty she brought into his life and was grateful. The women who came into his life knew this, gave him what he sought and nothing more.

Lily had been the exception. She had given more than he exacted. She had given life itself.

"But what can you expect of me, Lily? You know that I will not marry you. You know you are not my first one, nor the last one. I do not love you sufficiently—I seek in you only a brief happiness and no more," he would often say to her.

"Very well. I ask for no more than you can give," was her answer.

"But why waste your life?" he demanded.

"What shall I do with it? For whom shall I keep it?"

"What will happen if he should come, Lily—your husband, your beloved, what will you bring to him?"

"My husband? My beloved? I shall not love him more than you," she answered.

He knew the folly of her words; he knew also the frank honesty of them. Surely she could not be playing a part. What was there for her to gain through such a role? Nevertheless it was hard for him to believe in the tragic purity of her feelings.

"What will happen, Lily, if I should come to believe that you

really mean what you are saying?" he would ask her with a penetrating smile—"What will happen then?"

She had nothing to say.

"I do not care what will happen."

That was all she told him.

He felt certain this was only the talk of a naive girl. But he would not abuse her guiltless heart. He left her. When he returned to her it was to listen eagerly to her love. He believed her now. But he could not bring himself to put her to the test. He would question and torment her and puzzle her with his words. He tried in every way to persuade her that she did not herself know the meaning of it all. He tried to awaken in her heart doubt of her own love but he failed. He began to belittle and besmirch her feelings. He insulted her more than once. He caused her to weep. He realized he was torturing her to no purpose, but he could not refrain. It occurred to him at this time that he might as well marry her. At best his life was worthless and if any one were deserving of it, it was she. Why should he not make her happy? He doubted, however, that he could make her happy. He was not blind to his shortcomings. He was not for her. If she had found someone else, someone more commonplace, more simple, someone of kinder heart than himself it would be better for her in the end. He even tried to make a match between her and a friend of his but she would not hear of it. If she were not so loving and trustful, she would have laughed him to scorn for his foolishness. Finally he made himself believe it would be for her good if he took her love. Beside, had he not done every thing to dissuade her? He had done his duty. He had warned and threatened and argued—what more could he do? The consequences would not find him at fault. He yielded to her wishes. He dipped his hands into her young, abundant life and took without stint. She gave herself to him unconditionally.

And the more he drew upon her love, the more he tortured her. He reminded her, from time to time, that he did not love her; that what he was doing was sinful; that in truth, he was not grateful to her, but that on the other hand in his heart he mocked at her. She gave no thought to it.

If she had believed that he was gaining by her love, that he loved her in truth, and that he needed her as she had need of him, she might

have punished him with coldness in retaliation for his torture. It is certain that if she had left him he would have fallen at her feet and pleaded that she believed him and his love. But she listened his words and bore in silence. She understood neither him nor herself. She knew only what her heart told her. She gave him the fullness of her heart. She gave him all of her possessions. He demanded more.

"And are you happy now, Lily? Are you pleased?"

"I never imagined greater happiness."

"You ask nothing more?"

"What more can I ask?"

"Are you then satisfied with what you call 'love'? Did you never have a desire for something higher, more beautiful?"

"But that isn't everything. That is only a physical expression of it. I have no regrets whatever."

"But admit, Lily, how poor our life is. Was it worth the longing and waiting and suffering? What have we? Dogs meet and love so; cats meet and mate so—with this difference—their love is brutally frank."

"But what do you want?"

How little she understands him! No, but she really wants nothing more.

"But just listen, Lily—what would you call great happiness? Just suppose you had a wishing-ring and that you might have your heart's desire. What would you wish?"

Lily answered smilingly that her first wish would be that he should less unkind.

He was pained by her answer. She does not seem to understand the cause of his unkindness.

"Very well, what would be your next wish? Imagine something really great!"

She fell into thought and let loose her fancy. She would like to have a castle beside a lake. She would want him to come every night in a gondola and—

"No, not that," he interrupted in anger, "those are all external things. What does it matter where I come to you?"

"No," she said, "where we meet now we are not free, and—"

She was ashamed to finish the thought.

"Yes, indeed, it would be more comfortable, more peaceful

on a soft bed in a castle. But do you want only comfort? Where could you find so lovely a roof as the sky? Just look up at it—isn't it wonderful? Constantly changing, always fresh, new, exalting."

"Yes, the sky is really beautiful, but the castle would have an open tower where we would sit and look at the sky and the lake."

He made a gesture of impatience.

"I don't know what you want. Why don't you tell me? You are angry at me and I don't know why," was her complaint.

At another time he asked her, "Are you pleased with my love of you?"

She did not know which reply would satisfy him.

"What do you mean?"

"I mean, are you contented with the love I give you?"

"If you cannot show me greater love, I am contented with what you give me."

"But would you not wish me to love you more?"

"Certainly. I would like you love me as much as I love you. But that cannot be."

"Suppose we grant that it were possible. What then?"

"I should be really happy."

"And now, Lily?"

"I am contented."

"Are you sure you would be happier than at present?"

"Very sure."

"What would you do, Lily?"

"What do you mean what would I do?"

"Would your life be any different?"

Lily became thoughtful.

"What would you do when you arose in the morning? How would you spend the day? How would you spend the night? And what would you do the next morning and the morning after, the next day, the next week, month, year?"

"How can one plan ahead? Each new day would bring its own new life."

"Are you sure of that? A year is just past. Was not one day like another?"

"Yes," she answered, "but it is not at all so bad. Perhaps if we were wealthy—"

"There it is, you want other things besides my love. But what would happen if we were wealthy?"

"We would look every day for a new pleasure."

"All my love would not be enough to save us the need of looking for new pleasures?"

She became abashed.

"Yes, Lily, I understand. In addition you want a pair of handsome shoes, a juicy apple, a comfortable bed. Isn't that so?"

"Why not? But the fact is, as you see, I can do without."

"So you can do without my love? What did you do when I went away?"

"I suffered enough," she said as if to herself. "I longed for you."

"How often did you go to the 'movies' while I was away?"

She broke into laughter.

"Listen to him! The way he talks! What was I to do when I was lonely. I forgot my unhappiness for a little while."

He sat in moody contemplation.

She drew closer to him and looked devotedly into his face.

"Don't you believe I love you a great deal? Don't you believe I love you more than my life? I would give my head to make you happy."

He drew her to him and kissed her warmly. But his heart was not at peace.

He felt sorry for her. Why did he torment her? He resolved to make up for the wrongs he had done her by making known to all that they were married. He did this and they continued living together. Moreover, he made it his duty to convince her of his love. He resolved that no matter what he felt, she should know only that he loved her, even if it were necessary for him to act the part.

But it was a difficult task he had set himself. It was impossible for him to mask his feelings from her day after day. Now, he himself did not know his feelings toward her. At times he believed he loved her. But being always aware that he had resolved to stifle within himself all feelings of estrangement and antipathy he came to think that he was really doing this very thing and that if he were to scrutinize his own feelings he would find that he hated her—

that the occasional promptings of warmth and friendliness were spurious.

He had led himself to believe that he hated her. He had convinced himself, in his own mind, that she was a fool—and therefore whatever she did, displeased him. He was convinced that everyone thought her a fool and laughed at her and this pained him beyond measure. His egotism suffered. He ceased going about with her. And if he did go visiting with her, he would laugh at her in the presence of others to show them that he knew her limitations and that he was not responsible for her foolishness.

He experienced genuine regret after such conduct; his conscience troubled him.

But he believed that he towered above her, that she did not understand and could not appreciate him and that she was in his way.

What was life for her? he would think. Petty and trivial. From the time she arose in the morning she poked about the house all day: washing, cleaning, sweeping, cooking, sewing. She never went about, met with no one, had no thoughts, knew neither joy nor sorrow. She had even ceased to suffer. Since she had come under his roof she led an animal existence; her love, which had been the one element of beauty in her life had undergone a change. It had become a function. She yielded herself to him, dutifully, to please him. Days passed without the exchange of a word between them. He was at business during the day and at night, when he returned, his supper was waiting for him. With a paper in his hand, he would eat in silence what she set before him.

After supper he would either go to some meeting or read a book. Occasionally he would call on a friend. They entertained very rarely. Once in a while he would take her to the theatre. He took no interest in the household affairs. He had lost interest in her, in her affairs, in her home. He was a stranger, a guest who lingered long. He must bear his burden in silence so that she would not know how heavily it bore upon him. In this way life would drag by. What had happened to all his dreams? Where had his hopes and ambitions disappeared? They were on the heap of rubbish. What was in his mind, in his heart? Rags and tatters. She also was in the same luggage. He sought to fulfill his duty by her, as well as he knew how. He did his best. Perhaps she knew—

perhaps not—how deep was the abyss between them. She saw that he was unhappy. What could she do? She spread her life underneath his feet. She sought, so far as she could, to bring him contentment. She sought to guess, to anticipate his desires. The more she tried the more she stood in his way. The one ultimate good she might have conferred on him was to free him by leaving him and this never occurred to her. It may be she had led herself to believe he needed her, that he would be helpless without her. And although he did not try to disillusion her he could not forgive her acceptance of his sacrifice. It was too late!

But no! Not at all too late! He is free at last. She is dead. She will no longer torment him with her goodness. He is free, free, free! He was pleased with himself. He regarded himself as a martyr. How good it was to know himself guiltless and conscience-pure! If he were not ashamed, he would have sought out a jolly good company to drink a toast to his dead wife and to Life, great, beautiful, free and almighty, marching triumphantly over the graves of Death.

He noticed that the candles beside the coffin were waning. He lit others. For the first time in his life he was satisfied with Lily. He forgave her everything for the great favor of her death. He had a sudden desire to look at her. He uncovered her face. It seemed to him that she had become prettier. A sacredness of repose had spread over her features and this gave her young face a strange, other-worldly charm.

And yet it was the same familiar, kindly, submissive face.

How very young she was, he thought. She was twenty-eight or nine. All in all, he had lived with her only four years. She had borne no children and had changed a little in that time. Her limbs had remained well-formed and delicate. After all, he had taken a full measure of joy from this body which would soon begin to wither and decay. He had wanted no children and she had yielded to his wishes. Who now would remember her? She had been, and was now about to vanish for all time. Who would mention her? But why had she lived? Was it only to torment him? Yet, after all, how could she have helped matters? Was it her fault she had been born thus and not otherwise? Indeed, why not have taken her as she was? Had she been born only to please him? If she

had been able to change it all she would surely have done so. "Yes, Lily, I know," and he looked at the pious face, "I know it was your real wish to please me. You gave me the whole of your life." It seemed to him now that her dying had been a move to please him. She had not taken her own life, true enough. But she must have been glad to die. She had neither complained nor moaned. She had died with a quiet, restrained sigh as she had lived. Had she ever asked anything of anyone? From early childhood she had earned her own bread. She had known that she must pay dearly for everything and she paid. And thus she had lived her brief life. Where was her portion of happiness? Certainly she had been entitled to her measure of happiness. Surely she had dreamed and hoped and waited—and what had she found?—Him?

Yes, him. How much she had hoped for in him. Was he not her finest dream? How dearly she had loved him. She had staked everything for him and she had asked for nothing in return. Had she not been disappointed in him? Most likely, yes. Perhaps even more than he in her. He had paid nothing, and she—so very dearly. Yes, he had taken everything from her and had given nothing. The little he had given her he had given grudgingly and even this he had poisoned with his spleen. What was the wonder that her love, her spirit, had died within her? He had made demands only on her body. He had desired only that she serve him. When he came to her, to joy in her body, he had mocked her spirit and laughed at her love. He had made apparent to her that he wanted nothing but her body. At every opportunity he had sought to kill in her the belief in the finer human aspects of their relationship. Why had he done this? He had sought the truth. That had been the impulse back of his tormenting questions. But why had he sought to make other women believe him in love with them when he knew this was untrue? Why did he lie thousands of times a day and employ even more falsehoods in his business? Why, for just what reason had he wanted to be honest with her? And when finally he had resolved to assume a mask in her presence, why had he failed in his resolution? Had he really done his best? Yes, and she had also done her best. God, what sad confusion was here!

Yes. She is dead. This was the end of her lonesome life. Who

had given attention to her quiet sighs? Who had observed her hot tears? Who had known what was going on in her heart? He? Certainly not. And she also had been human! Surely she also had had desires other than—than what? What had he brought her which she could not have obtained by herself? What had she had through him which she could not have purchased with her earnings in the factory?

True, she had asked nothing, but did she not long for happiness, for companionship such as other women had? True he had made no promises. On the other hand he had always told her that she would never find these through him. But what had she had through him? She had lived for the love of him and had been ready to do everything to be close to him, to be of service to him; and she had found in him a stranger, a cold, unfeeling man who had kept himself remote in a cloud above her. She could not have given him contentment in the limited world of her mind. But was his world of the mind more than a shadow? Why had he been able to find satisfaction in his friends, relatives and mistresses and not in her? Why, although his days were barren and sterile could he bear year after year of such trivial living and why did he find been the impulse back of his tormenting questioning. But why had unbearable the little time which he spent with her? Why had he looked, to her, for the realization of his dreams and refused to accept that which was lovely and rare in her? Why had he wanted her to bring back to him the faith in the human spirit which was killed in him by his daily experience? Why had he looked to her for that soul of which he had known only in the misty dreams of his childhood—and in the existence of which he now could not even believe? Why did he wish her to be what he could not be himself? Had she been born to answer the caprices of his fancy? He had wished her to love him with more than human love and meanwhile he had permitted that which was human in her to turn cold. In what way had he helped her to a higher life? By indifference, mockery and cynicism. He had wished through her to rise triumphant above the week-day world and he had seized upon her body like a beast. She beautified her body for him. Perhaps she still had loved him? Perhaps his love had never ceased? It might be that she had had to hide her love deep in her heart and wrap about herself a cover to hold her safe

against the pricks of his vanity. Who knows how much she may have bled within? Had he paid any attention to her life?

His thoughts carried him on. Yes, her brief life had been a difficult one. How often he had come upon her with tear-stained eyes. He had thought little of her tears. He had long ago resolved that the things which concerned her were trivial—why should he be concerned? She will stop weeping and forget why she had wept. But her tears had come from a deeper source. He knew this now.

It might be that in time her love would have died out. But it might have left profound memories; a deep gratitude, an attachment, a friendship.

And besides, what had he wanted of her? Why had she not pleased him? Yes, she had faults, but who has not? Did he not have more faults than she? There were many virtues in her favor. In another woman he would have known how to value these virtues. Why not in her? Was it because she had set her gifts at his feet and had asked for no return?

She had been pretty. But all too quickly he had become accustomed to her and had ceased to notice this. Often it happened that when they were together among many people, at the theatre or at a ball, he would become suddenly aware that she was the handsomest of the women there. In this way, also, he had forgotten the many delicate and fine qualities she possessed. Did it not happen time after time, when he began to think of casting her off and of finding someone who would take her place, that he could think of no woman among his friends who might be compared to her in true worth. But he had never wanted to admit this. He was too much absorbed in himself, too egotistic. Perhaps it was because she stood so high above him in native endowments and because he was so deeply indebted to her for the voluntary giving of herself that he sought to malign her to himself. Big heartedness is needed if one is to appreciate to the full the excellences of another. This big-heartedness was lacking in him. He knew, nevertheless, she was a noble soul. Just the fact of her constant giving, a giving of herself unrewarded, made her one of the elect. What and to whom had he ever given anything? Fate had so arranged it that he, egotistical and self-centered, should be always surrounded by people whose happiness consisted in giving: father, mother, sister, brother, wife, all thought themselves happy when he drew upon them.

And he was always exacting! Haughty, stupid man, how much pride he took in this fact until finally he had come to believe that he was really deserving of this, that he was being rewarded in this way. And thus he had come to look upon himself as a superior person. Poor mother, what hardships and bloody tears were yours. And his father who for many years had carried this burden upon his old shoulders. And now his wife!

And he? Had he ever made any return for this? Poor Lily, how severe he had been with her. She had had to bear his every weakness and caprice. Was it foolishness in her to have made of herself a sacrifice for his petty favors? Why had he thought her a fool? Naturally she had not been able to join him and his friends in their prattle about abstract questions; but to make up for this she had had a more sensitive feeling for the gentle and delicate colors of life. She was never "brilliant" in a gathering, but then did he not hate the vulgar flowers whose colors shrieked and whose perfume was a stench?

She had always avoided drawing attention to herself. His friends had not thought well of her? But which of them had any desire for the quiet genuine beauties of the soul? And he? For years he had lived beside a gentle, tender being and instead of discovering in her the warm, faithful comrade he had sought on all the ways of his life, he had found a servant in her.

Lily, why had he been so unjust to you?

Was it because of his blind egotism? Was it because of his deep love for you, a love of which he himself did not know?

For this very reason—his love for you—he poured upon you the bitter anguish of his disillusionment.

He rested his hands on the coffin and his head sank in painful contemplation. The dross of his life had been heaped in her lap. But this had not been out of the malice of his heart.